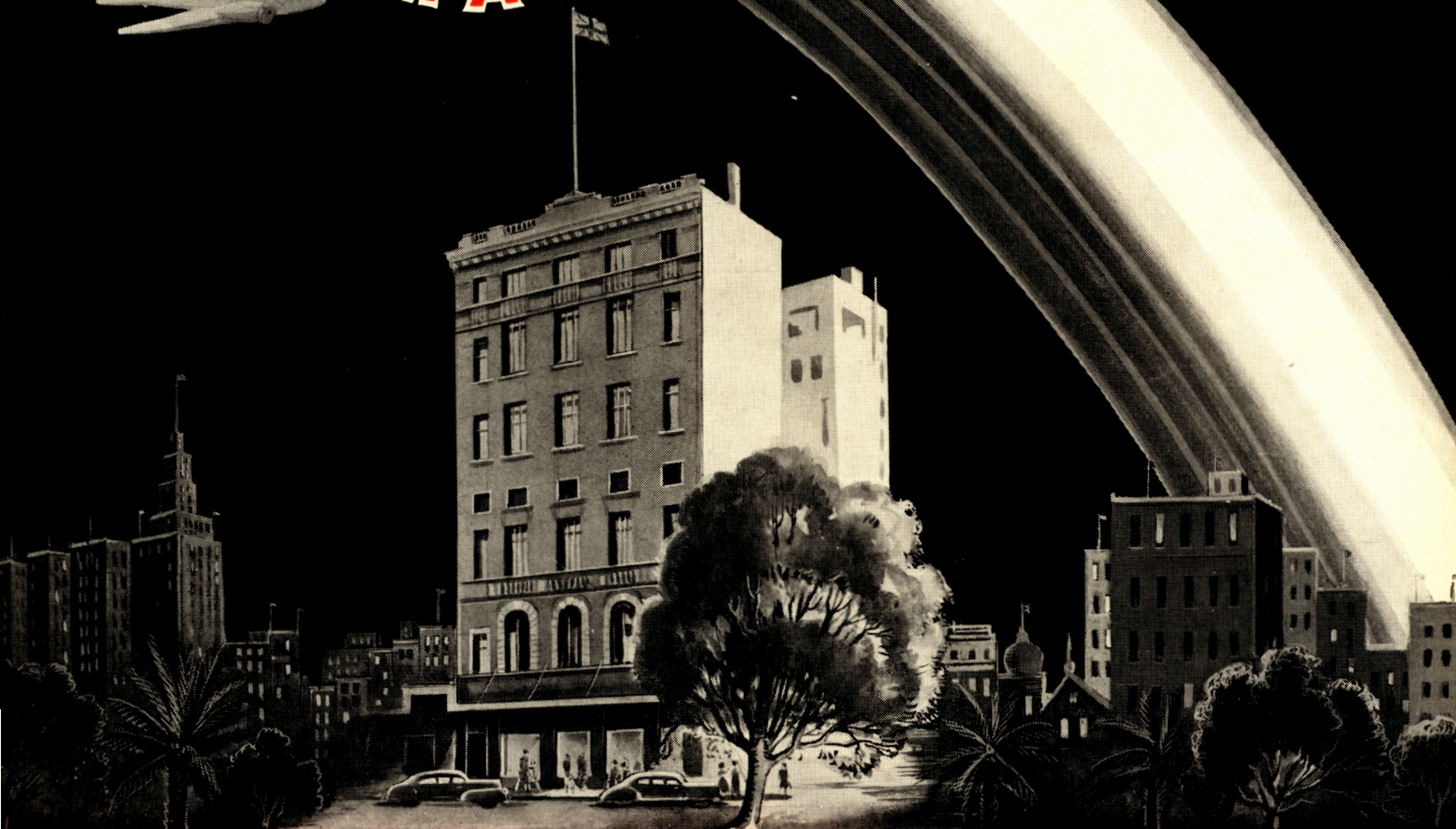


TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Vol. 20.

NOVEMBER, 1947

No. 9.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

Summer Meeting

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

December 20th and 26th
1947

PRINCIPAL EVENTS :

First Day : SATURDAY, 20th DECEMBER

The Villiers Stakes, £2000 added
One Mile

Second Day : (BOXING DAY) FRIDAY
26th December

The Summer Cup - £2500 added
and a Trophy valued at £100
One Mile and Five Furlongs.

The December Stakes, £1500 added
(For Two-Year-Olds)
Five Furlongs

T. NICHOLSON,
Racing Secretary.

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN,
Secretary.

6 Bligh Street, SYDNEY.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON
TOP HATS

TOP HATS and frock coats returned to Flemington at this year's Cup meeting. Many persons, including some who never fell for such finery, are now asking whether Randwick will follow suit.

Probably men in the majority have become habituated to the new order of informal dress. A showdown, as by example, might reveal a minority of revivalists. But, if there is to be any betting, the shrewd and the cautious might be disposed to declare, in the vernacular: "This is one of the races better left alone". Or it might possibly be that the bolter, as personified by the revivalists, will win in the long run. A cynic has cracked: "Wait for age"—meaning that the older generation of racegoers, if any, will set the example.

There is no denying that men, most men, are self-conscious in the matter of dress. This trait is evidenced in the shyness associated with the wearing of the first pair of long trousers. Almost it might be said that "dressing up" derives, not from a man's natural inclination, but is an acquired habit, for which feminine influence might be held largely responsible. We have seen in our time too many men, "dressed for the occasion", wearing the look of the early martyrs to believe otherwise.

Then, again, Randwick—merely to instance one of the greater headquarters of racing—has lost the atmosphere requisite to ceremony. Gradually, indeed, ceremony is on the way out. Old-fashioned people may regret this, but the new generation have no regrets at all. They cannot be blamed. They are the products of a new age. Theirs is a new outlook. Convention is not in the race. Perhaps these people are too prone to disparage the past, its customs and its refinements, and to see in The Brave New World virtues and compensations, as well as an over-all redemption, that it does not possess up to 50 per cent. of their reckoning.

Those people we believe to be wrong; but you cannot convince them; not yet. Perhaps when the mighty shaking that the world has suffered calms down, when the tempo and tension of life are geared down, people may be able to compose their minds and so discover that to prosper materially is not to live fruitfully.

Then the old customs and the old symbols—including the top hat and the frock coat—of a happier, more spiritually satisfying, era may return. Our way of life will be patterned more on the best of "what has been", not so much on the worst of "what is"; and the occasion, such as Derby Day at Randwick, will reflect that finer, fuller, cultural order.



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY*Chairman:***S. E. CHATTERTON***Treasurer:***JOHN HICKEY***Committee:*

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The Club Man's Diary

CAULFIELD Cup broadcaster from Melbourne mentioned that Valiant Crown had been kicked at the post by another horse—"but by which horse I am not certain." One cannot be too careful. After the Brisbane "Telegraph" had paid up on a libel claim, a reporter in writing next day of an accident in which a driver had been precipitated over the load of a horse-drawn cart, concluded: "It is alleged that the horse slipped." * * *

LES O'DONNELL, nephew of the more famous Steve of other years, looked in at Parliament House recently and noted how easily Mr. Speaker applied the K.O. by the simple process of calling "Order!" Les, a splendid physical specimen in his heyday, was the sparring partner of Tommy Burns, when the world's champion came to Sydney in 1908. Later, Les joined the Johnson camp. He fought, and beat Bob Bryant, who represented the Burns' camp. Bryant's real name was Boland. * * *

DON BRADMAN'S reply to minor critics had the quality of a classic: "They criticise me to direct attention to themselves." What else? * * *

ACCORDING to unofficial sources, a new simplified income tax form contains only four lines: (1) What was your income for the year? (2) What were your expenses? (3) How much have you left? (4) Send it in. * * *

YOUR Committee, at its last meeting, donated 132 cases of assorted foodstuffs to the "Food for Britain Appeal". * * *

ARNOLD TANCRED, manager of the Wallabies, was presented with a son by his wife on October 27. The score is now four—two girls and two boys. * * *

A DISCUSSION in our billiard room developed to a point where one member asked who had contested the greater number of bouts—Bob Fitzsimmons or "Gentleman

BIRTHDAYS

NOVEMBER.

7th J. A. Portus	26th R. R. Coote
14th Chas. Salon	27th L. Noakes
15th F. D. Foskey	29th W. H. Davies
17th H. L. Carter	30th Barney Fay
21st S. Peters	

DECEMBER.

2nd E. C. Murray	24th A. D. Swan
7th F. Z. Eager	25th W. Sherman
8th Noel G. Morris	26th J. Blume
10th A. J. McDowell	27th R. E. Sanderson
F. J. Shephard	28th M. Gearin
12th W. Gourley	Dr. A. S. Reading
13th Eric Pratt	
17th E. O. Crowhurst	29th E. J. Hazell
19th J. T. Jennings	30th C. S. Brice
20th E. W. King	31st Jack Davis
21st George Langley	

Jim" Corbett. We turned up the records, though not in the discussion, and found Corbett's record was about the smallest ever among the class brigade. His career started in 1886 and ended in 1903. In those 17 years he had 19 fights. Won 11, one no decision, two drawn, one declared "no contest", lost one on a foul and was k.o.'d three times. * * *

THE passing of Frank McGrath leaves a void among Australia's leading trainers and turf identities. Of late he has filled the role of enthusiast only and in an interview with this magazine declared he had "had" training and was content to be a looker-on. Few trainers can boast three Melbourne Cup victories but Frank did it with Peter Pan in 1932 and 1934 after having "broken the ice" with Prince Foote in 1909. Other star performers he had trained included Amounis, Denis Boy and Beau Vite. Our members were well represented at the funeral on October 29. Frank was 82 at the end. * * *

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue.

CLANCY, BRIAN, K.C.

Elected 23/9/40.

Died 17/10/47.

SIM, LESLIE D.

Elected 24/9/34.

Died 20/10/47.

CARPENTER, LIONEL J.

Elected 29/9/1936,

Died 31/10/1947.

WALTER CAVILL has returned from a tour of Britain, America and Europe, extending over six months. He investigated the latest methods of food production and distribution. * * *

LES HARRISON and George Renwick are all-the-year-round swimmers. They still braved the ocean's tang during the cold snap, accompanied by sou' westerlies toward the end of October. Telling of the relish of their experience, George broke into a group of listeners in Club: "Let's move out of this wretched draught." * * *

IT was Tom Murray who first directed attention in a daily newspaper interview to the bumper wheat harvest. He probably said a mouthful; for within a few days the newspapers generally were discussing prospects of harvesting and a move was got on generally. * * *

FRANK McGRATH was one of the great personalities of the turf in his particular sphere. He was a bridge between the past and the present, and this structure of his own architecture and construction will remain in memory. * * *

THE Gentle Art of Self-Defence, quoting the "S.M. Herald":

"Two jaw-breakers, Alex Buxton and George Allen, will meet at Sydney Stadium . . . Englishman Buxton knocked out Cec. Hoddy in four rounds . . . In Sydney recently he broke the jaw of Bede Welsh . . . Buxton's rival, George Allen is also a hard puncher. In Brisbane recently he broke the jaw of Australian heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson."

IN Victor Trumper's average of 204.2 in the 1897-8 season his scores were: 82, 123, 125, 85, 120 n.o., 191 n.o., 133 and 162 n.o. "The Incomparable" was 20 years old at the time.

"Luck of the Game"

"THE Luck of the Game", is a Turf proverb. It has persisted down the centuries since the merry monarch watched the gallops on Newmarket Heath and established "The Sport of Kings". The failure of Temeraire as a stayer and the downing of the 26,000-guineas purchase Shannon provided recent cases in point.

Perhaps one of the most costly manifestations of Turf misfortune was wrapped up in the purchase of a colt called Titan. It happened nigh on 60 years ago. A Mr. Broadribb was the ace Turf plunger of the period.

Titan, a son of Chester, was bred by the "Squire of Kirkham," Sir James White. Like Temeraire, Titan as a two-year-old was a wonder and at the top of the tree. The Derby looked a certainty for the colt when Plunger Broadribb bought him at the then freakish price of 400 guineas. Under the Broadribb colours Titan proved a rank duffer. He cost his new owner thousands of pounds in wagers, and never won a race for him. Finally Broadribb sold him to Donald Wallace for a couple of hundred pounds.

Under the Wallace ownership Titan came on wonderfully and won several good races, including the Toorak Handicap. The new owner and his friends won a motzer backing the Broadribb cast-off. But, even in such golden ointment the inevitable fly appeared. When Titan followed his Toorak successes up with an easy win at Flemington with a heavy weight in the saddle Dan O'Brien informed Mr. Wallace that he had thrown away a Newmarket Handicap with the son of Chester.

Forgetful of the good fortune which had attended his purchase of Titan, Mr. Wallace berated himself for his ill-luck in not reserving Titan for the Newmarket, in which he would have got in with little more than eight stone. At that weight the race would have been a certainty for him.

"It's just the luck of the game," Mr. Wallace lamented. The lament would have sounded better if it had been voiced by Mr. Broadribb.

Jim Donald in the "Daily Mirror".

World Record Claimed in Club Pool Effort

Our Swimming Pool again attracted attention of outsiders when, on October 24, an unofficial world backstroke record was broken therein. Bruce Bourke, an Olympic hope, was the swimmer, and Marsden Campbell, an official, was in charge. The following story appeared next day in the "Daily Telegraph":



BOURKE is Australian 100-metre backstroke champion.

Campbell, who is a former State representative swimmer, and Mr. Joe Harris, a Tattersall's Club member, clocked Bourke to swim the 880 yards in 11 mins. 22 secs.

There is no official world 880 yards backstroke record.

The best time known is American Adolf Kiefer's 11 mins. 31 secs. in 1935.

Bourke swam 66 laps in a 20-yard pool in an air-conditioned room, where he has trained daily for the past four months.

His sectional times were:

220 yards in 2 mins. 43 secs.—3 secs. better than his own State record.

440 yards in 5 mins. 37 secs.—11 secs. better than Percy Oliver's 12-year-old Australian record.

660 yards in 8 mins. 30 secs.

Campbell said Bourke was follow-

ing American and Japanese systems of training.

"In accordance with this system he began indoor training four months before the season started and swam half-miles," he added.

Americans and Japanese claim sprinters should begin their season training over long distances to condition their muscles.

"American Ralph Wright gave similar advice to Australians when he was here last season.

"I selected Bourke to try the idea because I realised he had great possibilities as a swimmer.

"He was swum twice a day for the past four months, backstroke and freestyle on alternative days. He has not begun to sprint.

"His best time for 880 yards freestyle is 11 mins. 1 sec., which to my knowledge only five Australians—Charlton, Ryan, Biddulph, Sever, and Marshall—have bettered."

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

ANNUAL RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

FIRST DAY :**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1947****SEVEN EVENTS****Added Money - - - £5,500****Novice Handicap**

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,200 added; divided into two Divisions, if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each Division. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race or Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden horse excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50; provided that a winner at the time of starting of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

The Carrington Stakes

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,750 added. Second horse £350, and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1947, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb. as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 8 o'clock p.m. on Friday, 26th December, 1947. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **SIX FURLONGS.**
(Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 24th Nov., 1947.)

Encourage Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,200 added; divided into two Divisions, if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each Division. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, Novice Race of Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden or Novice horse excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £75; provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. **ONE MILE**

Pace Welter

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

Denman Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

SECOND DAY :**THURSDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1948****SEVEN EVENTS****Added Money - - - £5,600**
(including Gold Cup valued at £100)**Nursery Handicap**

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. **FIVE FURLONGS.**

New Year's Gift

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

TRIAL STAKES

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £1,200 added; divided into two Divisions, if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each Division. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, Novice Race, Encourage Race or Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden, Novice, or Encourage horse excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100; provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. **ONE MILE.**

Highweight Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 8st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

Tattersall's Club Cup

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,750 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £100. Second horse £350, and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1947, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb. as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 8 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 27th December, 1947. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **ONE MILE AND A HALF.**
(Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 24th Nov., 1947.)

Alfred Hill Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

ENTRIES are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only, as follows:—
The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup before 3 p.m. on Monday, 24th November, 1947.
Minor races before 3 p.m. on Monday, 8th December, 1947.

WEIGHTS to be declared as follows:—
The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup at 10 a.m., Monday, 8th December, 1947.
Minor races, First Day, at 8 o'clock p.m., Saturday, 20th December, 1947.
Minor races, Second Day, at 8 o'clock p.m., Saturday, 27th December, 1947.

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—
For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 2 o'clock p.m., Monday, 22nd December, 1947, and
For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, 30th December, 1947.
PENALTIES: In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division. The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the conditions of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Horse of the Month—COLUMNIST

When Shannon was shipped to America, the mantle of Australia's No. 1 racehorse was left hanging on the wall. But the slashing win of Columnist in the 1947 Caulfield Cup suggests that a new glamour horse has come to the fore and Columnist is rated as the horse of the month.

JUST 12 months ago, Columnist, then trained by the late J. S. Packer at Moorefield, was taken to Victoria to compete in the 1946 Spring Carnivals at Caulfield and Flemington.

Columnist's performances in Sydney made him out to be a promising miler, but it appeared as if Columnist's connections were reaching for the moon tackling the cream of Australian performers in races such as the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups.

A four year old chestnut by French sire Genetout from a local mare Pen Name, Columnist first drew attention to his chances against the cracks by finishing third to two champions in Bernborough and Attley at weight-for-age.

He then finished second to Bernborough in the nine furlongs Caulfield Stakes, a race in which Bernborough created record time for the distance at Caulfield.

But Columnist's star performance as a four-year-old was his second to Royal Gem in the 1946 Caulfield Cup.

Royal Gem, one of the best horses produced in South Australia for many years had won the Toorak Handicap at his previous start.

In the Caulfield Cup, Columnist's regular jockey, George Weate, was suspended for causing interference and the horse was sent back to Sydney without having another race.

At a conference early this year between the owners and trainer, it was decided to set Columnist for the 1947 Epsom Handicap and plans were made accordingly.

But the horse's trainer, J. S. Packer died only a short time before the big race and Columnist had to be switched to another trainer.

Former jockey Maurice McCarten became the new trainer of Columnist and the horse performed so well that he started favourite for the Epsom Handicap.

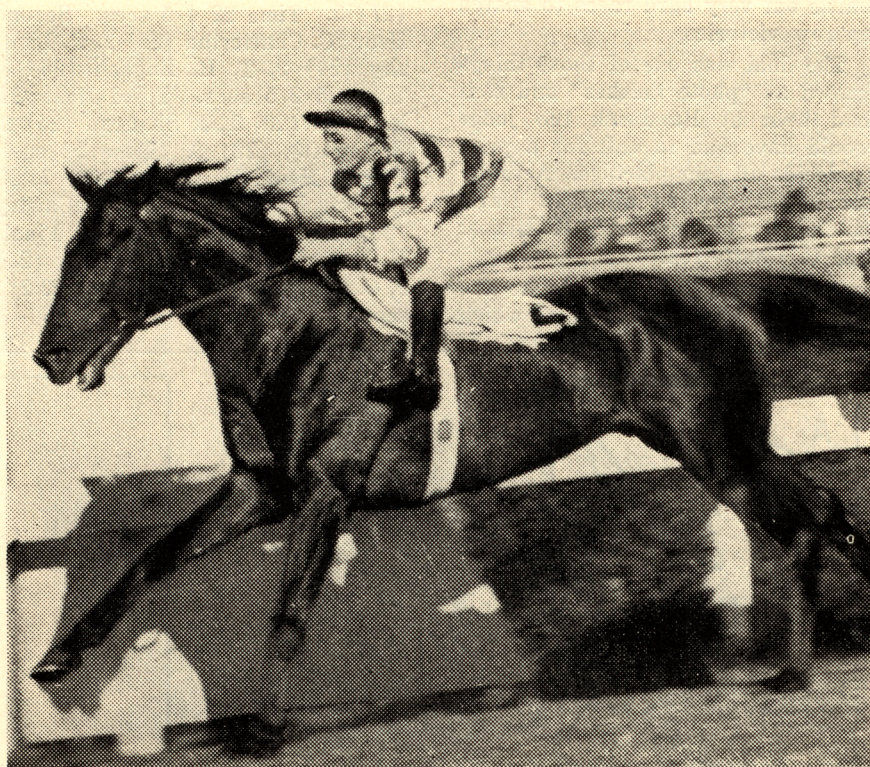
Bad luck alone beat him in the big mile race and it was then that

his connections made a snap decision and rushed Columnist to Victoria to have another crack at a Caulfield Cup.

This time, Columnist made no mistake. With champion Victorian jockey, Harold Badger, in the saddle, Columnist won the weight-for-age Caulfield Stakes with ridiculous ease

him, made his run on Columnist a bit early otherwise he may have been returned the winner.

However, on Thursday (Oaks Day), Columnist had his revenge and in the Linlithgow Stakes recorded probably his best performance of the season. Opposed by Attley, Royal Gem, Russia, Don



and then went on to a brilliant victory in the Caulfield Cup.

This victory earned Columnist a 5 lbs. penalty in the Melbourne Cup but his connections wisely scratched him from the big event when the track was heavy on the morning of the race.

In the interim, the Mackinnon Stakes was decided at Flemington on the Saturday preceding the Cup. The event was won by Don Pedro from Attley with Columnist a very close third and it is generally accepted that Badger, unusual for

Pedro, Victory Lad and others, he was patiently ridden by Badger and gave most of his rivals a start into the straight. Once heads were turned for home, he put in a paralyzing run and beat Royal Gem a length and a half with Victory Lad third.

It was a dazzling effort and one that stamped Columnist definitely as the horse of the month.

Victory in the C.B. Fisher Plate on November 8, was another great win and just about "put the lid on" what appears above.

SWIMMING CLUB OPENS

Tattersall's Club Swimming Club is in action again and held its first race of the 1947-48 season on Tuesday, 28th October.

Although a number of the regulars were away on business or holidays the roll-up was good enough to necessitate four heats.

It was quite a coincidence that H. E. Davis was the winner of the 40 yards handicap as he also won the first event of last season.

There must have been quite a lot of quiet training going on during the off season as every heat winner broke his handicap time and had to battle out very hard races to snatch narrow victories.

The final was one of those things known as "photo finishes" and if it had been at Randwick the judge would have had to call for a print to decide all four placings. Actually six inches covered all four, Davis landing the honours from K. Hunter and C. Chatterton.

This season bids fair to be the best in the history of the Club which

invites all members to come along and join in the fun on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The congenial surroundings in the Pool, racing and lunch are recommended as just what the tired business man wants to pep him up for the rest of the day or week.

All races are handicaps, heats on Tuesdays and finals on Thursdays, so the most mediocre performer can be in the swim. Anyway it won't be long before he will be cracking seconds off his handicap and feeling all the happier and better for it.

Results:—

40 Yards Handicap, 28th October:—First Heat: K. Hunter (23) 1, S. Murray (23) 2, S. B. Solomon (27) 3. Time 22 4/5 secs. Second Heat: C. Chatterton (26) 1, P. Lindsay (24) 2, T. H. English (26) 3. Time 25 2/5 secs. Third Heat: H. E. Davis (23) 1, J. Shaffran (25) 2, S. Lorking (22) 3. Time 22 secs. Fourth Heat: D. Wilson (26) 1, N. P. Murphy (26) 2, A. McCamley (28) 3. Time 25 3/5 secs. Final: H. E. Davis (23) 1, K. Hunter (23) 2, C. Chatterton (26) 3. Time 22 2/5 secs.

Man o' War Dead

AMERICA'S greatest thoroughbred horse, Man o' War, died of heart failure at Faraway Farm, Kentucky, recently.

The great horse, who was in his late twenties, was beaten only once in his career.

He sired the winners of more prize-money than any other horse.

His offspring won 3,250,000 dollars (£A1,015,625). Five of them, War Admiral, Crusader, Mars, Bateau Clyde, and Vandusen, each won at least 100,000 dollars (£A31,250).

Man o' War himself won 249,465 dollars (£A74,833) and became the first thoroughbred to win more than £62,500 in racing.

He sired foals by 386 mares.

He was buried in a special oak casket, lined with yellow and white satin—the colours under which he raced.

His grave is in his private paddock near the site where a mammoth bronze statue of himself will be erected next May.—"Daily Telegraph."



THERE ISN'T a greater thrill than watching the field sweeping around the home turn at Randwick, or playing 18 holes under par, but it's certainly hard on your feet. Just rub a little FROSTENE into those hot, drawn feet and feel the swift, soothing relief—you'll be all set for a festive evening at the Club or a show. Don't worry about it coming off on sheets and linen—Frostene is greaseless and stainless—

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Sydney Ketch "Kathleen" Gives Ahoy

When the ketch "Kathleen" left Sydney in June last with a crew of four to circumnavigate the globe, we gave the matter full play in this magazine. The craft is the smallest ever to attempt such a task from Australian waters, but the going, thus far, has been fine.

THE crew consists of well-known Sydney newspaper artists with Jack Earl Skipper and Don Angus navigator.

Latest news comes by letter from Mauritius and written by Angus:

"Yesterday we were invited by the Mauritius Jockey Club as guests at their Queen's Plate Meeting.

"Though the course is less than a mile round, it is in a perfect setting

at the foot of rugged mountains, and commands a view over the town of Port Louis to the busy harbour beyond.

"There are no bookmakers, and all betting is done at windows for a win or first-and-second. For each rupee invested a ticket is issued.

"That means if you are a big bettor you must carry a large bag with you to hold the tickets.

"A rupee is worth about 1s. 10d. Australian.

"All the jockeys, except two, are Australians and they seem to have the game sewn up.

"The Mauritius Turf Club, with which the Mauritius Jockey Club is affiliated, claims to be the oldest turf club in the British Empire. It was founded in 1812.

"Toward the end of the meeting our hosts apologised for having run out of 'Scotch' and asked if we would mind drinking champagne instead.

"(Sgd.) Don Angus."



In earlier editions we gave a full account of the Sydney yacht "Kathleen" which left Sydney last June to circumnavigate the Globe. Excellent progress has been made and on October 4 the craft had reached Mauritius and was heading for Madagascar, thence the Cape and working up the African coast before heading for St. Helena, and, later, South America. Navigator Donald Angus cabled that skipper Jack Earl and crew were in best of health and thoroughly enjoying the experience.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

Annual Race Meeting

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

FIRST DAY : SATURDAY, 27th DECEMBER, 1947

THE CARRINGTON STAKES

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 p.m. on **MONDAY, 22nd DECEMBER, 1947**, with £1,750 added. Second horse £350 and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1947, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lbs. as the Handicapper may impose and declare; such declaration to be made not later than 8 p.m. on Friday, 26th December, 1947. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **SIX FURLONGS.**

SECOND DAY : THURSDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1948

TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 p.m. on **MONDAY, 22nd DECEMBER, 1947**, with £1,750 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £100. Second horse £350 and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1947, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lbs., as the Handicapper may impose and declare; such declaration to be made not later than 8 p.m. on Saturday, 27th December, 1947. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

ONE MILE AND A HALF.

ENTRIES are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only before 3 p.m. on

MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER, 1947.

Nominations shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on **MONDAY, 8th DECEMBER, 1947.**

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary, Tattersall's Club, Sydney, **ONLY** before 2 p.m. on **MONDAY, 22nd DECEMBER, 1947.**

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting; and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

Entries for Minor Events Close at 3 p.m. on MONDAY, DECEMBER 8th, 1947

They're Still Paying for Trafalgar

For centuries England has paid millions in pensions to obscure descendants of the famous. Many of these pensions are now to end. This article, by Webster Fawcett, in "Digest of Digests" was written before the death of the 88-year-old Lord Nelson. His successor is his younger brother, 85 years old.

THIS is the strange story of money for jam. When Nelson's love-life was discussed in Parliament recently and an earnest Vice-Admiral M.P. strode deliberately from the House to show his annoyance, Britain laughed—but the Nelson pension is to end at last after a total of more than £700,000 has been paid by the nation to the heirs of the man who won the Battle of Trafalgar.

Britain is cleaning up its dead, but expensive rubbish of traditional annuities, cash privileges and archaic royalty payments, and the £5,000 memorial annuity will cease on the deaths of the 88-year-old present Lord Nelson and his 85-year-old younger brother.

In any case, their connection with the great victory of Trafalgar is distant and tenuous. The present Lord Nelson, great grand-nephew of the admiral, claims no direct de-

scend from him. On the memorable day of Trafalgar the admiral entrusted his beloved Emma, Lady Hamilton, and his daughter by her, to the care of his king and country, but sanctimonious etiquette could not recognise the illicit union and Lady Hamilton died in penury in a Calais garret. Instead Parliament voted £120,000 to the legal Nelson family and an obscure elder brother rose to the earldom.

He was a person who had had a short and not very glorious career in the Navy; and when Emma died and Nelson's daughter, Horatia, was brought back to England, she was not even allowed a room in his 100-roomed mansion because an illegitimate child could not live with a peer in Holy Orders. She went to live with Nelson's sister and in due course raised a family of eight children, not one of whom received

a penny of Nelson money. Such is the strange, unhappy story of the Nelson pension, and now it passes, regretted by few, the last annuity of its kind on the Treasury lists.

A perpetual pension granted by Charles II to his aide-de-camp, Major Carless, was paid for over 220 years and cost £400,000. Even the simple right allowed to the Dukes of Grafton to appropriate one cask before and one cask behind the mast of every ship bringing wine to Britain cost about £4,000,000 in annuities before it was redeemed for a lump payment of £210,000 in government stock, a sum on which taxpayers still pay the interest.

In this way, even redeemed pensions are costing hard cash, and confront economists with not a few problems in ethics. After the war before last, the hereditary pension of £720 granted by George III to Admiral Lord Rodney was redeemed by a payment of £42,000. This still costs the country £720 per year in taxed interest. Then there are the fabulous rewards showered on Winston Churchill's remarkable ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough.



Palm Beach—the Eldorado of Sydney's elite for surfing gaiety and beach fashion parades. Government Tourist Bureau photo.

SHORT STORY

THE GHOST OF A WORM

(By George H. McLennan)

From the moment he first met Martha at a church bazaar one hot, sticky Saturday afternoon, poor Charlie Waterbury was a gone coon.

Martha, with the natural instinct of a boaconstrictor on spying a habit, nailed him as he came through the door. She forced him to buy a set of flowery potholders at the haberdashery stall for 4/11 and then guided him firmly to the afternoon tea section where in a daze he bought her refreshments.

People who knew Charlie say that from that day on he hardly had an original thought of his own.

Martha was a born dictator and Charlie a near perfect example of the human worm.

Within a week, Charlie had been forcibly induced to sign the pledge in red ink and renounce tobacco.

In a fortnight Martha personally inserted the engagement notices in the morning papers, chose the ring, booked the church for the wedding

at which she arranged to sing "Because" herself in a basso contralto.

It is to Charlie's credit he did insist on attending his lodge once a week after wedlock, but Martha quickly organised the handing over of his pay envelope unopened each Friday evening and after that his pocket money did not extend to lodge fees.

From then on Charlie never really tried again. He just did as he was told until the function of obeying became quite automatic in him. He seldom even spoke unless spoken to.

Martha was supremely happy with her slave for he gave her a sense of complete power.

Each morning she had breakfast in bed. On Saturday afternoon Charlie did the washing and on Saturday night the ironing while the martinet went to the pictures and ate chocolate walnut creams.

One Sunday morning, in a moment of irritation, Martha gave the one order which she ever regretted.

Charlie, acting under instructions, had mowed and trimmed the front and back lawns, fed the fowls, vacuum-cleaned the house and swept the footpath before bringing in breakfast on a tray.

Stumbling on a mat beside the bed he slopped tea into the saucer.

"You clumsy fool," cried Martha clashing her dentures as she always did when angry. "Put the tray down and get to Hades out of here."

It never occurred to Charlie to take the shouted order other than literally. Such is the power of conditioned reflex.

All that concerned him was how best to obey. He had never done anything wicked enough to guarantee entry into Hades. That was his main problem. For a while he thought hard. Ideas developed.

He proceeded into the back yard and whistled the dog which he viciously kicked.

Mrs. Perkins was in her yard next door hanging up some washing. Charlie took two handfuls of black earth and threw them over the snowy sheets. When the poor

woman screamed, the mud slinger conscientiously stated a series of swear words he had learned in his youth.

Having achieved all this evil, Charlie cut a six-foot length out of the rope clothes line, walked deliberately into the wash house and locked the door from the inside.

* * *

For some weeks after the funeral it pleased Martha to think that her power of command had been so great.

Then came the horrible realisation that she'd killed her silly goose who had provided her with something far more precious than golden eggs. She was shrewd enough to see she would never find another Charlie even though she lived to be a million and searched the wide world over.

One morning, while performing the miserable task of preparing her own breakfast, she got a smart idea. It was so wonderful in its possibilities that she hardly dared believe it would really work. But she was ready to try anything to get at Charlie again and bash his ear no matter how fantastic the scheme might appear.

And so it came about at four p.m. one afternoon that she was closeted in the heavily-curtained parlor of Madame Taurus, the eminent and asthmatic medium of Little Gore Street, Surry Hills.

For 2/6 Madame would read your palm; 10/6 the crystal ball; £2/2/- a full blooded trance with personal appearance of any spirit nominated.

Martha wanted the works and was willing to pay top price.

With the fee hidden in the depths of her ample bosom, Madame Taurus sat stiff in her chair, rolled her eyes upward and groaned in true professional style.

Her control, an ex-Indian Rajah who had been prematurely buried just before the siege of Lucknow came quickly through and asked in clear English:

"'Oo do yet want to tork to? Just ask and 'e will be summonsed forthwith from ther spirit world."



"My late husband, Mr. Charles Waterbury, now in Hades," whispered Martha in an awed voice.

Apparently the Indian caught on quick and shot off on his mission, for there was dead silence for fully two minutes.

A slight glow appeared above the head of Madame Taurus. It grew until it was a ball of light.

"Who wants me?" queried a firm male voice from the centre of the phenomena.

It was Charlie alright, but how his voice had changed!

Immediately Martha was unafraid. Charlie was her meat.

"You selfish idiot," she yelled, "going and deserting me as you did."

"Sez you, you fat martinet," sneered the voice from the cloud and a faint odour of onions and beer permeated the dark atmosphere.

"You've broken the pledge," cried Martha. "Where did you get the beer you sot?"

"All the rivers are beer where I am and there are pickled onion trees all along the banks. Just isn't any water at all. I'm in paradise in fact. Tricked you on the last order didn't I?"

Charlie ended with a distinct series of hicks.

Then came the sound of a ghostly back being pounded by a ghostly hand a trill of female laughter.

"Charles Waterbury! Whose that with you?"

"A girl named Madame Pompadour."

There were whispering noises from the cloud.

"Don't you dare listen to her. Send her away. I order you," squealed Martha realising she had competition.

"She says I'm to tell you to pull your head in."

While Martha's blood pressure hit a new high there was more rocking of the ectoplasm.

When Charlie got himself as near to normal as it is possible for any ghost to get he became more serious.

"Now listen you female tyrant. I'm out of your power now. I don't take any more orders from you. I'm a free soul. If I'd known it was you calling I'd have punched that Indian runner on the nose and stayed where I was. You needn't call again because you'll just be wasting your money. This is the last time you'll hear my voice for I'm in Paradise and you'll never get there in eternity."

"Paradise!" squealed Martha. "Paradise! You're in the seventh depth of the seventh depth."

"Aw, go and mow the back lawn. I'm off. Come on Pompey before I get a pain."

In a split second a section of Martha's brain cells collapsed.

Madam Taurus smartly dismissed the Indian, called up her number two control, a giant Nubian who had been pulled apart by elephants in 1794 on being found in the harem of Ali Ben Dover.

* * *

Charlie and Pompadour were sitting on a river bank kicking up froth with their feet in the beer and roaring their heads off in reminiscence of the doings in Little Gore Street, when Charlie got such a kick in the rear that he shot into the "grog".

He came up spluttering and took one look.

"Hell," he cried in despair, "She was right after all."

A SHOPKEEPER, being in great financial trouble, went to a specialist in burglary and arson.

"Would you like to have a fire?" he was asked.

"No," he replied, "I prefer a burglary. In the first place, it is cleaner. In the second, if the insurance company won't pay out, you've still got your goods."



An everyday surfing scene during Sydney's summer months. Famous Manly Beach with its pine trees is a never failing attraction to visitors. Government Tourist Bureau photo.

ROUNDAABOUT *of* SPORT

A HEARTY welcome to all members of the Indian cricket team now in our midst. In the game against South Australia they showed a distinct desire to play attractively no matter what the position of the scoreboard. That is all to the good as, unfortunately, some Tests in the past have proceeded along dour lines far removed from the spirit of the game. In V. Mankad and L. Amarnath the visitors possess two batsmen of outstanding quality. Our slow spinners will need to be right at their top all the time to be successful against this bunch of quick footed batsmen.

* * *

THE return of Nancye Bolton, Australia's champion lady tennis player, after her seven months' trip abroad, brought with it, a bombshell for the A.L.T.A.

Nancye enjoyed many successes overseas, in both singles and doubles, but maintains Australian players will not develop sufficiently unless overseas champions are brought here in a constant stream.

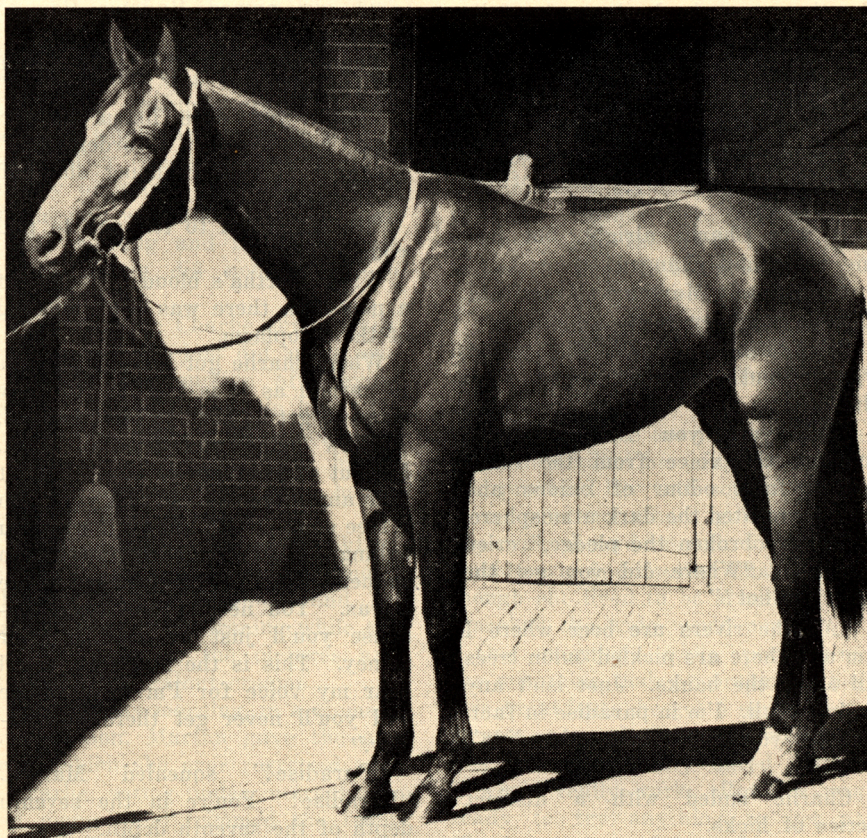
"I failed at Wimbledon," Nancye said, "because I met something new—the big service used by United State girls. But, I was able to capitalise on the experience gained by getting into the last four of the American titles." The trouble is, according to Mrs. Bolton, we play too much among ourselves and have no idea just how our standard compares with others.

* * *

LAVERNE FATOR, who met a tragic death in 1935, was ranked the third biggest money winning jockey in U.S.A. history. Only Earl Sande and Mack Garner headed him. Fator, whose career started in 1919 and ended in 1931 season, had 4,967 mounts for 1,121 wins, 832 seconds and 730 thirds. He won 2,408,720 dollars for owners of horses he straddled.

* * *

DON BRADMAN has now made 99 centuries in first class cricket. It is a record never previously even remotely approached in Australia.



Shannon, Australian champion racehorse, which recently brought 25,000 guineas at Auction in Sydney, has been sold to a U.S.A. sportsman for, reputedly, £31,000 and has already arrived in America and started preparation for 1948 classics.

There is just a chance that "100th 100" will be made on Sydney Cricket Ground—the scene of so many triumphs including his world record tally of 452 not out against Queensland. According to report the Australian skipper is now in better physical condition than any time since his war injury. The Indians will play an Australian XI at S.C.G. on November 14-18 and Bradman will be captain. Before then he will play for South Australia against Victoria and if he scores a century in that match his 100's tally will be 99. That would give the Australian XI game tremendous public interest.

* * *

MRS. HARRY HOPMAN, who has been touring the tennis world in recent months, made no bones about declaring Australian singles champion Dinny Pails is about to turn professional. She nominated Madi-

son Square Garden, New York as the venue and December 26, next as the date. The team, says Mrs. Hopman, will be Jack Kramer, Bobby Riggs, Pancho Segura and Pails. According to Mrs. Hopman Pails' contract will be worth over £8,000 to him in the first 12 months. A tour of Australia is tabbed for 1948.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS, real name Noah Brusso, born in Hanover, Canada, in 1881, was the smallest man ever to be hailed heavyweight champion—67 inches high and weighing only 175 lbs. in his prime.

* * *

HOW high can a dog jump? The Police Department in Kensington (Eng.) tried to decide the question. In 1934 a police dog, Mikeve, soared 9 ft. 8 ins. and was granted an official certificate for the performance.

FROM 1909 to 1934 none of the men listed "English Singles Tennis Champions" was a product of England. Anthony Wilding, of N.Z., was title holder in 1910-11-12 and 13. Norman Brookes (now Sir Norman) gained the honour in 1914 and from 1915 to 1918 no further contests were held. In 1919 and again in 1922 Gerald Patterson, of Melbourne, was champion while Bill Tilden, of U.S.A., won in 1920-21-30. Bill Johnston, America, collected in 1923; Jean Borotra, of France, in 1924 and 1926. Another Frenchman, Rene Lacoste won in 1925 and 1928 and a third Frenchman, Henri Cochet, triumphed in 1927 and 1929. In 1932 Sidney Wood, Jnr., America, succeeded Tilden and in 1932 Ellsworth Vines, U.S.A., won and in 1933 Jack Crawford crashed through for Australia. Fred Perry was the first Englishman. He won in 1935 and 1936. * * *

STADIUM referee, Joe Wallis, is generally credited with having officiated as third man in the ring in more contests than any man in the world. Maybe, but Frank Menke, prominent American sporting writer, has this to say about John McNeil, who retired as Deputy Boxing Commissioner in New York in 1936. Records showed that during the 12 years he was on the job he witnessed over 30,000 bouts and 75,000 rounds of boxing equal to 3,750 hours of careful watching.

* * *

THE champion senior and the champion junior at the G.P.S. sports meeting each competed on the one afternoon in three major events and a relay race. An old athlete commented: "Like running two-year-olds into the ground." So much is put upon the lads because they are expected to run for the honour of their schools—in other words, to notch as many points as possible to put their particular school ahead. Hardly the game for the game's sake. * * *

THE Indian cricketers are showing that they can play the game in the right way. There have been no incidents, and the batsmen are ready to go for the runs, even when up against it. Their visit may retrieve for cricket much that it has lost in atmosphere and as a spectacle. About time, too.

First Lady of the Turf

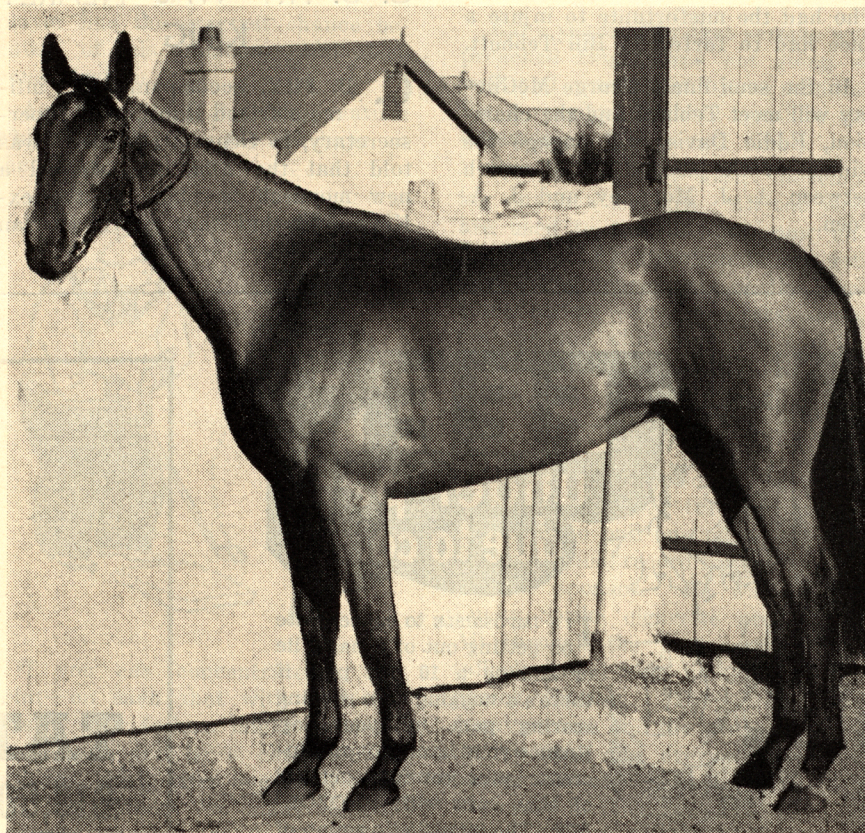
JUST six months ago, Brian Crowley's bonny mare, Flight, retired to the stud and was mated with Dhoti.

All lovers of a game thoroughbred will watch the result of this mating with unusual interest because Flight, owing to her outstanding courage, endeared herself to the racing public in a manner seldom equalled and never excelled.

For five full seasons Flight thrilled the crowds on all important Australian courses and retired in April, the greatest stake-winning mare in the history of the Australian turf.

We can recall many of her sterling performances but Mr. A. Prichard Morris has just completed and published a book, which is a complete and comprehensive story of the life of this daughter of Royal Step and Lambent.

The book is aptly named "A Story of Courage-Flight" and is replete with interesting facts dealing with Flight's ups and downs on the Turf, is generously illustrated, and, in fact, is a racing record that should find a place on the shelves of every true Australian racing enthusiast.



Mr. B. H. Crowley's Flight.

SOME years ago a man hired a small hall in a country town in the South of Ireland. He engaged no assistance, but a month before the date for which he had rented the hall he put up signs all over the town stating in large letters: "He is coming."

A week before the fateful night, that was replaced by: "He will be

at the Town Hall on April 1st." The day before the event there was the simple legend: "He's here." The following morning: "He will be at the Town Hall tonight at 8 o'clock."

That night the man himself sat in the box office and sold tickets at 1/- a head to a capacity audience. When the lights went up inside, however, all the crowd could see was a huge sign reading: "He's gone."

Handball Notes

Club Handball Championships are moving slowly to their end but there are quite a number of games to be played before the champions are crowned.

Secretary Sam Block assures us that as soon as the Melbourne Cup excitement dies down he'll get the boys cracking to end up before the hot weather puts their minds off the vigorous game in favour of less strenuous and cooler exercise.

In the "A" Grade Championship second round G. McGilvray beat J. Buckle 21-12, 21-17 and I. Green who had the misfortune to injure a knee had to forfeit to Bill Tebbutt.

In the semi-finals George McGilvray will meet Tebbutt and the champion, Eddie Davis, will engage the winner of the second round match between A. J. Moverley and J. A. Coen.

"B" Grade has advanced further and in one semi-final Peter Lindsay defeated Gordon Boulton 21-15, 21-14. In the other A. McCamley will play Clarrie Woodfield, the winner meeting Peter Lindsay in the final.

"C" Grade second round games are between Norm Barrell and Harry English, winner to meet W. Kirwan in one semi-final and between A. G. Collins and G. Carr, winner to meet N. P. Murphy in the other semi-final.

C. B. FRY WAS NEARLY KING

C. B. FRY, accompanied his intimate friend Ranji, as a super-secretary, to Geneva, and there was told that the Albanians wanted a new monarch in place of the ex-King, and that they preferred "an

English country gentleman with £10,000 a year".

So they had chosen C.B.! They liked his looks, his brains, and his manners. Ranji would have had to find the money.

"How long I remained as the first candidate in the field for the crown of Albania I do not know," writes Fry in his memoirs. "If I had pressed Ranji to promote me it is quite on the cards that I should have been King of Albania yesterday, if not today. Nor would Mussolini have disposed of me as easily as he did of King Zog. Remember Corfu!

"After about a fortnight I could see that the prospect either of losing my services or of having to find the £10,000 a year was beginning to weigh down the balance in Ranji's mind against my elevation. At any rate, the proposal gradually faded out."

So C. B., instead, commanded a naval training ship.



FEET
under par
due to corns?

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE to concentrate on getting out of a nasty lie or sinking a 10 feet putt if there's a nagging corn sending searing pain up your leg. Reduce your handicap and increase your comfort—get rid of that corn with FROZOL-ICE. The anaesthetic action of Frozol-Ice works fast—a few drops and pain disappears—your corn will start to wither up—work loose and then you can lift it out with your fingers, core and all. Buy FROZOL-ICE from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price 1/6.

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Walter Hagen Memories

A few years back, when golfer Gene Sarazen visited Australia and entertained members in our Main Hall, he sportingly declared that of all golfers of all time Walter Hagen was top of the heap. No praise, he said, could be too high for the former champion.

THAT memory is inspired by the announced possibility of Genial Gene being with us again in 1948.

There was a time when Hagen was admitted on all sides to be the best performer in the world and his many years on the sun-baked courses of the world brought him many trophies, honours and fame.

His experiences also brought him a wealth of wisdom regarding his sport and, on one occasion he handed out the following advice to all and sundry:—

After a golfer has learned the technique of the game, and the mechanical features of his clubs, victories or defeat depend mainly on concentration. Experience, he said, is supposed to be quite the thing.

But it isn't.

Proof is supplied when comparative youngsters go right ahead and beat men who have grown mossy with up to 15 years' experience.

Concentration, he continued, is not a particular attribute of youth, but keen youngsters have plenty of it. I know. I was young myself once, he added.

I was then so keen on winning that had I driven a ball straight through one of the customers I'd have been so busy looking after my lie that I wouldn't have noticed said customer was suffering from rigor mortis.

With the mellowing of years, if I did anything like that I'd be the first to rush in with the rescue squad. I'd be so sorry I would want to escort the body to the morgue and embalm it myself, forgetting all about the tournament.

I can go through all the motions now just as nifty as the youngsters. Under pressure, and when fully concentrated on concentrating, I might be able to keep up with them. But, the blazing fire of ambition has been doused.

I can't hypnotise myself into thinking, as I did in younger days, that everything in life depended on my winning.

There are times when the mind is allowed to wander and concentration is lost. Youngsters are impulsive, eager and daring.

Playing safe is something they never heard about. So, they try for shots and get their quota. Oldsters would consider many too risky but would be tailing the field at the finish.

In a big tournament the young player has the greatest chance because of his gambling and deep concentration.

Age brings with it a conservatism which usually puts the old boys on the skids.



If you can concentrate to the point—on each shot with such intensity that failure might cause a death—you can be a champion at any age. But, after one passes the 30's one gathers too many outside interests whereas the 'kid' has one—to win.

* * *

What Hagen did not tell is that when he was very young his satorial elegance and regalia made an Italian sunset look drab.

Once, when asked why such spectacular displays he replied—

"It's psychology stuff. I use my colour combinations to win me matches.

The way I get myself up, I am what you could say was a vision—

you know, green elephants, pink snakes, and so on.

I stagger the eyes. When my opponent sees me maybe his whole framework, as well as his eyes, get staggered. Such a man never fully recovers—while the match is on. He can't get his mind on the game while I'm on parade. He is watching me; I am watching my ball. So how can the other guy win?"

Many years after that sermon was preached Hagen was not going so well and was asked by an admirer for a reason. He was equal to the occasion:—

"Trouble is they aren't developing any new colours. All the boys are used to the old ones now and don't pay any attention to my get-ups. They concentrate on the game—not on my vests, sweaters, socks, tie, cap and what have you and the real answer is shown in the score cards."

THERE are slips over the radio, but it remained for the late W. C. Fields to pull one purposely that set an all-time record for embarrassing the sponsor. He was on the Lucky Strike cigarette programme. All through the programme Fields talked about an imaginary son named Chester. They were very funny stories and the announcer and the sponsor and everyone else attached to the broadcast laughed like crazy at them for a while. Until they put the first and last names of Fields' son together and got Chester Fields, name of Lucky's competitor. That was no slip, son.

* * *

"HOW is your father today, Rosita?"

"Still the same. They have just had a medical consultation about his condition."

"And are the physicians all of the same mind?"

"Oh, yes, they all asked for the same fee."—"Familia", Santiago de Chile.

About Solo and Banker

Eric Welch, Bill Relton, Claude Manning and Bert Cohen were recently playing Solo in the card room and Eric held A K J 10 x x x x spades and A K 10 9 of diamonds. Eric must have consulted the oracle, for he took no risk and called abundance in trumps—spades being trumps. One opponent held queen five times spades, and jack five times diamonds, and Eric only got eleven tricks—two over his call. Which reminds me of an incident recorded by the late Arthur Binstead, doyen of English turf writers of the last generation.

IT was ten o'clock on a Saturday night, and the ponderous doors of the Whitechapel branch of a well known Joint-Stock Bank had been closed for several hours.

In a well furnished room on the first floor Dick Chennell, the sub-manager, waited impatiently for his principal.

Dick had been in the proud posi-

tion of "sub" for three short weeks and he inwardly confessed that he didn't like it—indeed, he'd have surrendered it then and there, lock, stock, and overdrafts—aye, and stood a supper at the Woolpack into the bargain—to a qualified successor approved by the bank, that he might go back to the paying counter in Lombard Street.

It wasn't that he couldn't hit it with his chief, but he had a natural antipathy to the district; and it was a fact that this particular Bank did a roaring business at the Whitechapel branch, because it always had a Hebrew of the Hebrews—a lineal descendant of an original ark-bearer, when procurable, for a resident manager.

Liked Gilt Edge.

Richard had been accustomed to the gilt edged method of banking, and customers, blase of "boodle" who took it with gloved hands, and it pained his sensitive nature to come amongst the unwashed horde, who always drew it "red" and tried it, piece by piece, between their teeth.

As he sat there fretting a ring came at the side bell, and a minute or so later, the maid rapped on the door and asked:

"If you please, sir, do you know what time Mr. Aaronson will be back?"

(Mr. Aaronson was the manager—the Hebrew of Hebrews.)

"No, I don't Susan. Who is it—anybody of importance?"

"It looks like a Jewish gentleman, sir."

"An awkward predicament for the gentleman," muttered Richard, "but I suppose it's on the business of the bank. I'll come down Susan" and he went down.

Susan's description of the gentleman was perfectly correct. He was a fat, healthy cheerful Jewish gentleman, and abnormally excited.

"Ye don't know what time Mr. Aaronson returns, do ye, sir?"

"No he's very uncertain," replied Chennell. "Is it on a private matter, or on the business of the bank that you wish to see him?"

"On a matter of business," responded the other "I've an account 'ere. Moses Lazaruth. You know the name?"

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"Oh yes! But-er-let me see. Your account's overdrawn, I think?"

"Yes, yes, just for a day or two; and that brings us to the point. I want to overdraw another twenty pounds."

"My dear sir, without expressing an opinion as to whether or no Mr. Aaronson will consent to that, you must come in business hours. We re-open on Monday at ten."

"What's the good of that? I want twenty pounds **now**—within three-quarters of an hour!"

"Then I fear you will be disappointed, sir—at least so far as this bank is concerned."

"Look 'ere I'm a very old customer Mister, er Mister—"

"Chennell," put in Dick.

"Ah, yes—'ow forgetful of me—Mister Chennell, of course, of course—I'm a very old customer and it's very—very—urgent: Will ye oblige me?"

"I oblige you, sir? Oh, no, I couldn't do that. To start with. I don't know you—"

"I'm a very old customer 'ere sir—a fearful old customer—why my grandfather owned the bit of ground that this bank is built on—and here I'm—I'm comin' near to being ruined, Mister Chennell, all for a paltry twenty pounds."

"I'm sorry for you. What is it, an execution in your house?"

"Oi, Oi! I 'ope not—all the money we owe in the world is a few deena an' the Yidden don't execute one another, Mister Chennell—no, but its more serious even than an execution. Can't you do it for me; Mr. Aaronson would in a minute."

"I can't. Besides I don't know the nature of your trouble, even. A few pounds out of my own pocket, if anyone was ill—"

"Ach! God forbid! O'ny twenty pounds Mister Chennell, o'ny twenty pounds—say yes?"

"Tell me what this great trouble is," persisted Chennell, getting somewhat interested.

"I don't think you'd understand it, Mister Chennell."

"I can't say till I've heard. Anyhow, if I understand it, and it is as great as you make out, I'll lend you the money myself."

"Will yer, Mr. Chennell, will yer?" crowed Moses taking the sub-manager's hands in his, and advancing

FOURSOME SNOOKER TOURNAMENT HANDICAP, 1947.

RESULTS OF THIRD ROUND.

W. H. Relton and E. A. Davis	beat	E. E. Davis and W. I. Hill	by 44
C. S. Brice and J. R. Coen	"	V. Richards and A. Buck	" 24
A. H. Stocks and I. E. Stanford	"	W. S. Edwards and G. Fienberg	" 26
T. E. Sweet and J. A. Williams	"	A. F. Eastment and W. Longworth	" 21
J. A. McClean and S. Peters	"	K. V. S. Kirby & C. K. MacDonald	" 25
S. A. Brown and I. Silk	"	Chas. Rich and E. H. Booth	forfeit
J. L. Hughes and D. F. Graham	"	T. S. Woodbridge and B. M. Lane	by 31
D. Lotherington and J. H. Peoples	"	J. D. Mullan and K. T. Wheeler	forfeit

RESULTS OF FOURTH ROUND.

J. R. Coen and W. H. Relton	beat	D. F. Graham and D. Lotherington	by 34
I. E. Stanford and T. E. Sweet	"	J. H. Peoples and A. H. Stocks	" 13
J. A. Williams and J. L. Hughes	"	E. A. Davis and S. A. Brown	" 8
S. Peters and C. S. Brice	"	I. Silk and J. A. McClean	" 9

RESULTS OF SEMI-FINAL.

S. Peters and C. S. Brice beat I. E. Stanford and W. H. Relton, 107-99, 115-78
J. R. Coen and J. L. Hughes beat J. A. Williams and T. E. Sweet, 88-97, 94-83, 102-93.

RESULT OF FINAL.

S. Peters and J. L. Hughes beat J. R. Coen and C. S. Brice, 119-75, 105,73.

ing into the passage. "Then I'll tell yer.

"We was playing Solo Whist, me an' Horvitzburg Greenboam an' Vurteimer. We was playing two, four, six pounds—We're bin playing since seven, an' all my ready money's gone when—all of a sudden—what you think I get?"

The Dream Hand.

"Ace, King, Queen, six times trumps, Ace and King of Clubs an' Ace of Diamonds.

"I go abundance—I'm bound to go it. My pore father 'ud turn in his grave if I didn't go it—an Greenboam commenced to rap the table with his knuckles an' says:

"'Ooftish Lazaruth, ooftish'—meanin' put up the money to pay with in case you're beat; show us you ain't callin' on the off chance."

"Well, as I tell yer—all me ready's gone—what can I do? 'Owever, by beggin' an' entreatin'; I get's 'em to consent to this arrangement; each one to put his cards in a envelope, an' seal 'em up, givin' me one hour to raise the money—when I return the envelopes to be opened an' the hand played.

"Now, Mister Chennell, you see what a desperate position I'm in—"

"You're a damned imposter, sir," cried Chennell, who was very angry at having his sympathies aroused upon such a pretence. "Get out!"

He grabbed the wanderer from the Ghetto by the shoulders and forced him down the steps.

The applicant all the time begging piteously to be lent the money.

A crowd began to gather, and happily, just in the height of the pow-wow, Mr. Aaronson drove up in a cab.

Three minutes later Moses Lazaruth went on his way rejoicing, with four clean, crisp fivers in his pocket, and Mr. Aaronson turning to the discomfited Chennell, said in a tired tone: "Really, Mr. Chennell, I think you had better get the Head Office to transfer you to some other branch—some old fashioned district. You'll never do at Whitechapel unless you can bring yourself to understand that Ace, King, Queen, six times trumps, with Ace, King and a third Ace is ample security for twenty pounds! Good Evening!"

Methuselah Scared.

THE inhabitants of Paradise were worried. It was impossible to know what was really going on in Germany, the Boche communiques lied so much! It was finally decided to send down a reporter. The choice fell on Methuselah, the aged saint who had seen everything—and who was anything but gullible.

Twenty-four hours passed—and Methuselah returned at the run, gasping for breath. The others grabbed him, astonished.

"What? Back already? Well what did you find out? What's the real situation down there?"

"I didn't see a thing! When I got to Germany they were just calling up my class . . . and I scrambled!"
—*"The Churchill Gazette"* (Belgian Underground Paper).

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What They're Reading Overseas

As Others See Us.

THE British people are an odd people; even in their recreation. They have their own games, and they carry them all round the world with them. When other nations go among natives they bring a whole collection of decrees and ordi-

Like Picking Racehorses.

SAM GOLDWYN'S technique for picking personnel:

In a conference he said to his assistant, "Now, I'll show you how I pick men. Send in the first applicant."

"The one who said thirty-nine," said the assistant.

"No," said Goldwyn, "the one who said six."

"But why?" asked the assistant.

"Because," said Goldwyn, "he is my wife's nephew."

—"The Forum", Johannesburg.



Manly Beach on Surf Carnival Day. Shelly Beach and the Cardinal's Palace are shown in the background.

nances. The Englishman just brings a briar-root pipe and a cricket bag. He opens it and says, "Now this is cricket, and I'll show you Johnnies how to play; Ali Baba, you just roll out that cocoanut matting, and, Ibn Swat, you stick in these wickets." Two seasons later Ali Baba is taken "home" to play for Hants against Bucks, or Potts against Crooks—anyway, another quarter million square miles is annexed.

—Stephen Leacock, in "My Remarkable Uncle".

* * *

Those Communiques.

PUBLIC relations officers of the U. S. Army Eighth Air Force lately composed a "model German communique":

"Large formations of huge American bombers attempted to penetrate western Germany today but were driven off by hordes of our brave fighter pilots. Four hundred enemy bombers were shot down. Three of our fighters were lost.

"One of our cities is missing."

—"Time", New York.

So in came a candidate and Goldwyn asked, "How much is two and two?" "Four," said the candidate. "Good," said Goldwyn, "that's correct. You wait in the ante-room."

Then came another candidate and Goldwyn asked, "How much is two and two?" "Six," was the answer. "Good," said Goldwyn, "that shows inventiveness, imagination, scope, ideas. Now wait in the ante-room."

And then came another candidate. So Goldwyn said, "How much is two and two?" "Thirty-nine," said the candidate. "Marvellous!" said Goldwyn.

"Colossal! What a breadth of vision! What a conception! Wait in the ante-room." So the candidate left.

"And now," said Goldwyn to his assistant, "which do you think I will take?"

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Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 13th
Australian Jockey Club	Sat., 20th
Australian Jockey Club	Fri., 26th
Tattersall's Club	Sat., 27th

JANUARY, 1948.

Tattersall's Club	Thurs., 1st
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LINING UP HEROES

AS soon as they landed, the crew of the R.A.A.F. plane were asked by an intelligence officer for a full report on the success of their bombing mission over Berlin.

Said the pilot: "You know, I deserve all the credit for this trip. It was my good flying ability that got us over the enemy target."

"Very good, young fellow," said the intelligence officer, as he jotted this all down. "I think you really should have the credit."

Said the navigator: "I don't know what the pilot's bragging about. If it hadn't been for my careful plotting of the course, we would never have reached the target. All he did was steer the plane. I'm the one that really deserves all the credit."

And, again, the intelligence officer jotted it all down and said: "Very good."

Next came the airgunner, who said: "I don't know what the pilot and the navigator have done to deserve all that credit. The pilot acted as the taxi-driver; all he did was steer the ship. The navigator's plotting wasn't so hot, either. He got us right into a flock of German fighters, and if it hadn't been for my accurate shooting, we would

never have reached the target. I had to knock off a few Jerries to get through. I'm the guy that really deserves all the credit for the success of the trip."

"Very good," said the intelligence officer, continuing his memo.

At last came the most important man on the bombing mission, the air-bomber. The intelligence officer looked up and asked: "And what have you to report?"

Said the air-bomber: "I missed."

Afraid of Repitition.

PRIVATE: "May I have next Wednesday off?"

Sergeant: "Why?"

Private: "It's my silver wedding anniversary. My wife's come up to town and we want to celebrate."

Sergeant: "Crikey, are we going to have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"

—"Answers", London.

Would This Work Here?

A LITTLE old man laden down with parcels and a large umbrella boarded a Madison Avenue bus during the rush hour. After travelling several blocks insecurely suspended from a strap, he addressed a young woman sitting near him.

"Young lady, I'd be willing to pay you a nickel for your seat," he said.

The girl looked uncertain and unhappy and finally got up and pushed toward the rear of the bus without having expressed any interest in the five cents.

The little old man sat down and winked at one of his neighbours. "They never take it," he whispered.

—"The New Yorker".

Old School Tie Crumpled.

WAITING for a bus in Bloomsbury the other night a Londoner was astounded to hear a famous Eton school song sung by five little ragamuffins walking down the street. "Swing, Swing Together," they carolled and shrilled. Intrigued by this the man stopped the oldest boy and asked him how they had come to pick up that song of all others.

"Don't you know it?" piped the boy. "It's one of Mickey Rooney's — you know, in 'A Yank at Eton'."

—"The New York Times Magazine".

Infallible Clue.

TWO new-born babies in a nursing home have their cots side by side.

Baby No. 1: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

Baby No. 2: "I am a little boy."

Baby No. 1: "How to you know?"

Baby No. 2: "Look — blue bootees!"

—Cyril Fletcher, at the London Palladium.

* * *

No Questions Asked.

A DOCTOR was called in to see a very testy patient.

"Well sir, what's the matter?" he asked.

"That's for you to find out," said the patient, glaring.

"I see," said the doctor. "Well, if you'll excuse me a minute I'll go and bring a friend of mine—a vet. He's the only man I know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions."

—"The Zoutpansberg Review", South Africa.



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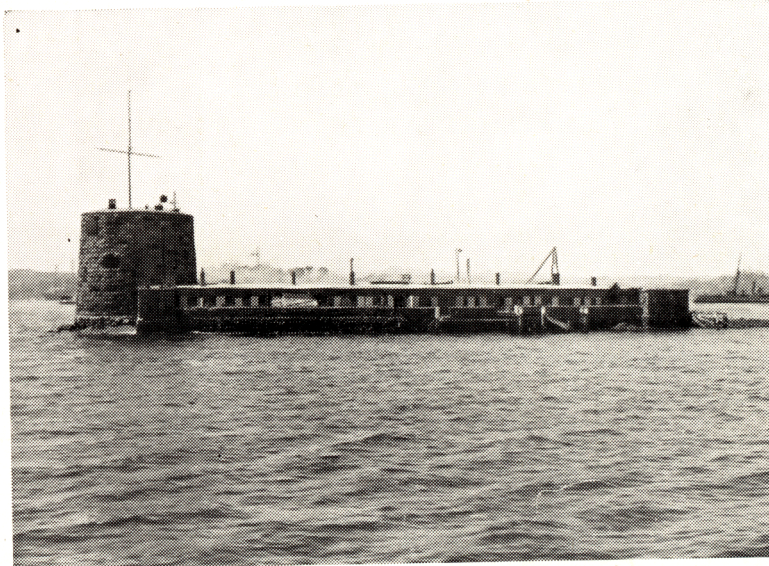
FORT DENISON

THIS tiny island, breaking the calm surface of the harbour at about its central position, is anything but a fort today. It forms, nevertheless, an interesting, colourful link with the past and possesses a history dating back to the earliest days of settlement in New South Wales.

The Fort itself, named after the then Governor, Sir William Denison, was not built until 1855. The actual island, however, received its first mention in February, 1788, some 16 days after the landing of the First Fleet in Sydney Cove, when Barrington, in his book "Account of a Voyage to N.S.W." spoke of a criminal sentenced to a week's confinement on a rocky island, on a bread and water diet, for robbing another convict of a biscuit.

Possibly from its associations of punishment and meagre rations, the island received the grimly significant title of "Pinchgut"—a name which has clung to it, even to this day.

Joseph Holt, in his "Memoirs", told of the corpse of one, Morgan, a murderer, hanging from a gibbet on Pinchgut in 1800; this is particularly gruesome in view of the fact that Morgan's trial took place in October 1796! Barrington also mentioned Morgan's corpse and added that "the natives, though hitherto particularly partial to the spot, now abandoned it, fearing that the dead man might descend and seize them".



Fort Denison.



Sir William Denison.

After the establishment of the Norfolk Island penal settlement, Pinchgut was seldom used for the punishment of criminals so gradually the spot lapsed into official disuse until 1841 when a move was made to establish a fort there to support Dawes Battery and Fort Macquarie.

By the time a few 24 pounders had been installed and the walls of the fort put under way, a message came from London that work must cease owing to the expense involved. So the island, quarried and blasted to the water's edge by the Royal Engineers, remained for 10 years or more, to quote John Dunmore Lang, "a befitting monument of a precious piece of vandalism".

Then, about 1855, with the advent of the Crimean War, came the fear in Sydney of a Russian invasion and, in view of this danger, Governor Denison had little difficulty in persuading legislation to sanction additional military defence works including the erection of a fort on Pinchgut Island. Plans for the building were drawn up by Colonel Barney, the work put in hand speedily, and finished in 1857.

The construction of Fort Denison, as it was later named, followed along the lines of the solid, round, Martello tower type of building, many of which had previously been erected by order of the British authorities at strategic points on the eastern seaboard as protection against invasion by Napoleon Bonaparte's forces.

Much of the work of erecting Fort Denison was carried out by hollowing of the natural, solid rock, but the greater part involved the use of heavy masonry, stone for which was brought from Kurraba Point. Incidentally, the fort stands today almost as it was built, although by the passage of time the stone is necessarily weatherworn.

A mistaken idea, which probably still exists, has credited Fort Denison with sinister dungeons, where in the early days of harsh justice, unfortunate convicts were manacled and leg-ironed. Actually, the Fort has never been used as a place of punishment and happily, also, it was not needed to repel the expected Russian invasion of Sydney Harbour in the 1850's.

In 1869, Fort Denison was handed over to the care of the Naval Brigade, with a proviso that a light should be kept burning at night and a fog alarm sounded when necessary. Both of these duties together with the official registrations of tide were faithfully carried out by the Brigade until 1900 when Fort Denison became the charge of the Sydney Harbour Trust in whose care it remains today.

Interesting relics of the past in the shape of guns, powder bags, fog signals etc., still exist on Fort Denison and still the light shines faithfully at night and the alarm bell is sounded when fog envelopes the harbour.

The only difference in that latter service to shipping is that instead of the laborious hand sounding of a brass gong, the fog alarm bell is now electrically controlled.

Fort Denison has long watched the march of our history and as we cherish those landmarks which link us to the past, so we hold in affectionate regard this old island fortress which still seems primly to guard the entrance to our city in the manner of a by-gone age.

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